A SECOND

CONSULTATION

BETWEEN THE

POPE and the TURK,

Concerning the Propagation of the *Catholick Faith*.

POPE.

HAil mighty *Monarch!* by whose aid
I hope I shall subdue,
And for the future make afraid
The whole *Heretical* Crew;
You will both wise and grateful prove
While you with me combine,
Who always have shew'd you my love,
And now your good design.

TURK.

What mean these ambiguities
With which to me you come?
Is th' *Oracle* of doubtful lies
From *Delphos* gone to *Rome?*
Your kindness I ne're understood,
Whatever you pretend:
To him to whom you ne'er did good,
How can you be a friend?

POPE.

Ungrateful man! do you forget
I did the *Greeks* to *Florence* call,
And kept them there with me:
And you were dafter made of all,
Before we could agree.

TURK.

This manifests your wickedness
And makes your Cause yet worse;
I see no reason you to Bless,
Though *Greece* hath cause to Curse:
You prove your Treachery indeed,
But not your love to me,
You'd ne're have helpt me in my need,
If they'd submitted t'ee.

POPE.

I think I stood your Friend (good Sir)
When *Iames* did aspire:
I both did keep him Prisoner,
And poison'd him for hire;
Then against *France* 'twas I did send
For your victorious Arms,
With promise that I would defend
Your Kingdoms from all harms.

TURK.

Two hundred thousand Florens, when
You did my Brother's work,
You had: The Benefactor then
Was not the *Pope* but *Turk*;
'Tis true me once you did invite
Your int'rest to advance;
Not cause you lov'd me, but for spite
Against the King of *France*.

POPE.

Though still Ingratitude you pay
For kindnesses good store,
If you'l be rul'd, I'le on you lay
One obligation more:
I'le raise your Empire yet so high,
That you shall straitway yield
That I pull down, and only I
Do Monarchies rebuild.

TURK.

For all your talk, I still do fear
That while you make a pother,
And with one hand pretend to rear,
You pull down with the other:
But what is't now that I must do,
Are really my Friend?

POPE.

Why first I'le give you all those lands
That 'gainst me do rebel,
Go take them strait into your hands,
I've curst their Kings to Hell;
I freely to the King of *Spain*
The *British Islands* gave:
He wanted strength those *Isles* to gain,
Which I am sure you have.

TURK.

You're generous Sir, and at one word
Great Territories grant,
Which if men gain not by the Sword,
They must for ever want:
So while you Saintship give to some,
And frankly Heaven bestow,
I doubt (wh—re's decreed at *Rome*)
Their portion is below.

POPE.

Whether Heav'n and Hell are in my gift
I do not greatly care,
(Let learned men those Questions sift)
Sure earthly Kingdoms are;
I can from antient deeds declare
What pow'r belongs to me:
The greatest Kings are what they are
By my Authority.

TURK.

I've often heard what Tricks you use
To help you in your needs,
Sometimes you do the World abuse
With forged Books and Deeds:
Sometimes you Kingdoms give away
(As now you do to me)
Hoping that thus obliged, they
Your Vassals still will be.

POPE.

If I your Benefactor be,
I hope you wo'n't think much,
(When I've rais'd you to high degree)
To honour me as such:
If *Universal Monarchy*
You do receive from me,
The *Universal Vassal* I
May be allow'd to be.

TURK.

I understand your kindness now,
If unto you I'le cringe and bow,
And after your Pipe dance;
Then you'l unto me be so kind,
That you will crack your brain,
Some place i'th' *Alcoran* to find,
That shall your Pride maintain.

This honour more you'l on me heap,
Whenever I you meet,
That on my knees I strait must creep,
To kiss your *Worships* feet.
When ere your Pride I do oppose,
You'l curse me strait to Hell;
My Subjects too shall ne're want those
Shall stir them to Rebel.

You still unto me plagues will send
As you have done to others,
From Priests I must my self defend,
Worse than aspiring *Brothers*:
Where you set foot no Prince is free,
But strait must be your slave,
Good Sir, pray cease to treat with me;
I other business have.

FINIS.

LICENSED, *Jan.* 16. 167[illegible]

LONDON: Printed for *N. M.* in the year, 167[illegible]